

The Marble Hill Press.

J. S. Hill, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI

It takes some practice to learn how to tell the truth.

The mosquito isn't the only boss that sings at his work.

As a rule, whenever we find a brook we find stepping stones.

The individual who thinks he knows it all has the most to learn.

Mingle folly with your wisdom, or nobody will associate with you.

A great many politicians were forced out of business when meat went up to one dollar.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

When the doctor tells a woman to diet, she eats less at the table and more in the pantry.

The man whose religion will not stand the test of careful thinking has not very much to boast of.

The gentlemen at the Hague have opened the proceedings by trying to sell each other gold bricks.

Too often when a man's good deeds speak for themselves he expects the effect by going around with his mouth open.

The Havana man whose wardrobe consists of one undershirt has been consistently handicapped by Gen. Brooke's order.

Gen. Joe Wheeler has the satisfaction of knowing that his southern audiences didn't hiss when he gave them expansion talks.

An Ohio man recently hanged himself from the top round of a ladder. Thus we are once more reminded that there is always room at the top.

Is it possible that Aguirre's reluctance to surrender is partly inspired by a fear that under an autonomy Aguirre may not be provided with a job.

In the first four months of this year, in the single state of New Jersey, there were incorporated companies with an aggregate capital equal in amount to the entire mass of money of all kinds in circulation in the United States.

Nothing taxable which Spain's cupid could reach—not even the grave seems to have escaped the clutches of her representatives in Cuba. A vivid idea of the thoroughness of their methods in this particular is given in the fact that a yearly tax was assessed upon each letter on the signs used by merchants and others. This impost was farmed out to contractors, who, in collecting, were often arbitrary and annoying. It will remain in force till June, 1939, and Americans who have begun business and have hung out signs at any time within the year are compelled to pay a full year's tax.

The most extraordinary book sale of this century is that tending "What Would Jesus Do?" by the Rev. Charles Sheldon of Kansas. Over three million copies have been sold in England alone, while three other of his books, published at a penny apiece, recently ran through an edition of nine hundred thousand copies in a fortnight. While the post laureate has lately called upon his government to redress the copyright laws respecting English authors, twenty English publishers have pirated Mr. Sheldon's sermons. The self-seeking, inconsiderate man is of no abiding city, nor can any country call itself immune from his predations.

The whistles had just blown for 12 o'clock. On a quiet side street a wagon was drawn up against the curb, its horses feeding. One placidly munched his oats from a feed bag. For his companion, a tin bucket holding the necessary food had been provided. This had somehow become displaced, and the horse, unable to get his mouth into it, had thrashed about until he had scattered his oats upon the ground. In the midst of his distress a man in lustrous overalls appears. In his dress and hurried gait it was easy to recognize the workman, eager for his own dinner and with but little time to eat it. But he saw the horse's trouble and stopped abruptly. Then he quickly seized the discomfited bucket, swept the scattered oats into it, fastened it securely to the horse's head, and then patting the animal's neck affectionately, he hurried away to his own dinner. It was a gentle, spontaneous act of a kindly nature such as women trust, and children love. May bounteous dinners be his always!

Excitement comes high in Chicago, according to Alderman H. Dink, but it is well worth the price. The alderman says he paid \$5,000 in cash for the share of it that falls to his lot as one of the representatives of the first ward in the council, and he surely does not seem to regret it. But possibly he has a definition other than that given in the dictionary for the word.

King Mallett Tann has a salary of \$150 per month, and he is compelled to fight for his job. He ought to be better than that in the museum business.

Senator Platt has snuffed out the peace conference at The Hague. He was of universal peace that it is "visionary, beautiful, impracticable. It can never be in our day." He might say the same of pure politics and he nearer the truth, but men will strive for it knowing that the day of Platt, Quay, and their like will not last forever.

Evil speaking can do no lasting evil for the wall of friendship that is so frail it will crumble to dust beneath the last of an evil tongue is not worth having.

It is a very poor record when night comes if we have been spending every hour of the day with our thoughts bent wholly upon our own pleasure or profit. If this is a sad day to spend one day, how much worse is it when we spend a week, a month, a year, selfishly bent upon our own selfishness!

"The Air Ditch" recently wrote Shakespeare. With all his pretensions, he did not dream of the dead air, which, if it actually smelt the dead, was "laid" to suggest that it was required for.



OUR CELEBRATION.

The birds have been practicing glees, but today they gave up their concert and flew away.

And the locusts and grasshoppers, noisy and shrill, could not make themselves heard, and so they kept still.

And the blustering wind went off in a puff.

Since nobody noticed how loud he could puff.

And the clouds rolled down from the west in a row.

For they thought that the noise in the world below.

Was the voice of the thunder to call them together.

And so they began to make showery weather.

And the Man in the Moon, being greatly perplexed.

To know whatever would happen next.

Wished for hands or feet, as well as a face.

To cover his ears up, or run from his place.

And the baby stars opened their bright little eyes.

And stared down below with the greatest interest.

To see how the rockets shot up in the sky.

But they never guessed out what it all was about.

That we were just keeping the Fourth of July.

—Percy Gardner.

LOUIE'S FOURTH WITH "OLD ARIZONA."

It was nearly noon when "old Arizona," coming down from his camp for a bucket of milk, found a jonesome little boy standing guard on the doorstep while mamma was resting within. "An' so you ain't at the picnic?" he said. How's that? Your ma wasn't?

"AN' SO YOU AIN'T AT THE PICNIC?"

"Feelin' right good, an' you stayed at home with her so's you can't take everybody else to the picnic. Well, that's rough! I didn't git to go myself, but sure I'm a old gold-miner from Arizona I'm a thinkin' right now old Arizona, as he put Louie on of celebratin' this Fourth if I can run across anybody that'll line in as 'help'!"

"Oh, if mamma was well I—" Louie began, and then mamma, hearing them talking, opened the door; and she said she felt ever so much better, and he must go and help Mr. Arizona celebrate. And besides the bucket of milk, she filled one also with cakes and pies.

"Well, I reckon this beats all the ridey-go-rounds at the picnic!" said old Arizona, as he put Louie on his burro tied at the garden gate.

And Louie thought so, too, as the burro carried him, easy as a cradle, all the way to old Arizona's camp, where the big spruce stood up like a

tree.

And Louie thought so, too, as the burro carried him, easy as a cradle, all the way to old Arizona's camp, where the big spruce stood up like a

tree.

And Louie politely "pitched in" to the venison, and old Arizona as politely "pitched in" to the milk and pies.

Then for the first time Louie thought of it, and jumped right up with, "Oh, say, Mr. Arizona, how are we going to celebrate 'bout any firecrackers?"

"Ha! ha! haw!" laughed old Arizona. "As best you ever see! Gunpowder cannot ones. Why, one of my giant crackers'll go off louder than all the crackers at the picnic put together! Looky here!"

He reached to a root behind him, and showed Louie a bundle of the queerest looking "crackers."

He laid one on a boarder and lit a fuse; and didn't Louie jump at the noise when it cracked that boulder!

"Now we'll have some water-works," said old Arizona. And he dropped one with a lighted fuse in the creek by the spruce, and it went off with a splutter that sent the water to the spruce's top.

"And now we must have a real big cannon one," he said; and he put three little crackers in a hole in a dead cottonwood. And in a minute that tough old tree flew everywhere in splinters, while a roar louder than thunder went rolling through the hills.

"I reckon that beats anything at the picnic," said old Arizona.

And Louie said that it beat the picnic all to pieces.—J. S. Oakling.

MAKING AN AMERICAN FLAG AT HOME.

Many women have an idea that the American flag is a difficult one to make, whereas it is easy and simple. It is a pity that the flag used in or on the house should not be offensive than it is the work of the mother, wife or daughter. The best material to use for a flag is bunting, as it is the only material which withstands wind and weather.

The field is the only really troublesome part, for the reason that it is a difficult task to cut out and stitch forty-five pointed stars and secure regularly. But these fields may be purchased ready made at small cost.

The proper dimensions for flags over one foot in size are as follows: Eight and a half by fourteen inches, twelve by twenty-two, seventeen and a half by twenty-seven and a half, twenty-eight and a half by forty-three, thirty-five by fifty-eight; three feet by five and four by seven.

In making a flag three feet in width and five in length, seven strips of red bunting, six of white, and a field of blue are required. Three of the red strips and three of the white should be five feet in length by three inches in width. Four of the red strips and three of the white should be three feet in length by three inches in width. These thirteen strips should be stitched together with French seams, the shorter strips being at the upper right-hand corner, a red strip being at both top and bottom. The field of blue bunting should be twenty-six inches in length and twenty-one in width. On it should be stitched forty-five five-pointed stars of white linen put on in alternate rows of eight and seven stars each, eight being in the top row. The field then completed forms the upper left-hand corner of the flag and is stitched securely to the stripes.

In these measurements the stripes three inches have been allowed for seams, but no allowance has been made for the tiny seam where the stripes are joined to the field, nor for the hem. The outer edge of the flag is then hemmed, and the inside edge faced with a piece of strong canvas for the admission of the flag-pole.

AN EPISODE OF THE FOURTH.

Oh, yes, we had a glorious time, of course. We always do. We didn't begin firing till 7 o'clock, partly because it was so early to use up all our crackers before breakfast, as some boys do, and have none for the rest of the day, and have everyone to thank you a sausage heads.

We had a good lot of crackers, and my horn was almost the biggest size there is, though papa did say it was a pity I didn't get a top-horn. I am not sure whether he was in earnest, however, he isn't always.

We had no accidents; that is, nothing to speak of. Polly burned two or three of her fingers a little, but we made that all right with soda and a rag, and she never cried a bit; but there was an episode, and it happened to me. This was the way it happened, I wanted both my hands to use, and I had a piece of punk in one of them, and there was no place to lay it down, and everybody else's hands were full, too, so I—well, I put it into my pocket for a minute. It was lighted, but I didn't think it would do any harm for a minute. I forgot that I had a whole bunch of firecrackers in that same pocket.

Suddenly I heard some one cry out, "Tom is a-fire!" and then there was a puff of smoke in my face, and the light

was gone.

That beats anything at the picnic.

—pop! snap! bang! crack! fizz! whizz! crackety-bang! the crackers began to go off in my pocket!

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

Everybody was yelling, and just for a minute I didn't know what to do. I ran, but the crackers ran with me.

A TRUST OF TRUSTS.

NEW SUBSIDY BILL A GIANTIC STEAL.

It Will Enrich the Great Corporations by Hundreds of Millions of Dollars—A Hanna Republican Plan to Loot the United States Treasury.

The ship subsidy bill, fathered by Senator Mark Hanna and Congressmen Payne of New York, was favorably reported to both the house and the senate of the last congress, the Republican managers are committed to the passage of the measure, the daily press has been muzzled by the great corporations whom the bill will enrich by hundreds of millions of dollars, and a large portion of the Republican campaign fund is to come from the same source. The provisions of the proposed subsidy law are thus characterized by the most influential labor organizations engaged in the ship-building trade:

"The Proposed Law.

"The Hanna-Payne bill, officially entitled S. 5024, is one of the most un-American bills ever presented in the interest of foreign corporations, being practically a free-ship bill, with sufficient Americanism held in reserve to enable its proponents to loot the United States treasury, and even barring itself from being compelled to employ American crews. It asks for the admission of foreign ships to our registry in the ratio of two to one; it asks for a bounty to owners of these foreign built vessels of the larger and swifter class of approximately 4 1/2 cents per gross ton on every 100 miles sailed, leaving a small inducement to the owners of lesser craft.

"It provisions would deprive the ships constructed by its requirements in American shipyards from employment in our coasting trade, and the bill is so covertly worded as to mislead all but those who are thoroughly acquainted with matters marine, and is intended for the benefit of gigantic corporations which are largely alien. * * * We denounce in the most emphatic terms the bill commonly known as the Hanna-Payne shipping bill."

Endorsed by Hanna's Ohio Convention.

Yet, this infamous measure was endorsed last Friday by the Republican State Convention of Ohio. The endorsement misrepresents the measure, and Senator Hanna engineered the scheme. The exact words of the resolution are:

"For the national defense, for the reinforcement of the navy, for the enlargement of our foreign markets, for the employment of American workmen in the mines, forests, farms, mills, factories and shipyards, we demand the immediate enactment of legislation similar to that favorably reported to each branch of the Fifty-fifth congress at its last session, so that American-built, American-owned and American-manned ships may regain the carrying of our foreign commerce."

In this resolution there is a deliberate concealment of the facts which the labor organizations engaged in the ship-building trade have set forth.

In detail, the principal evils of the Hanna-Payne ship subsidy scheme are as follows:

A Bill and a Half in Taxes.

The bill provides for a subsidy or bounty to ship owners which, during the life of the franchise—20 years—will amount to \$100,000,000. The present tax receipts by the United States government are about one-half billion dollars or about one-third the amount which is proposed to give to the men whose vessels shall fill the requirement set forth in the proposed law. And right at this point the monopoly feature of Senator Hanna's bill appears:

The Monopoly Feature.

It provides for a government bounty upon each mile traveled by the ships which meet the requirements of the law, the rate to be proportioned to the size of the vessel and the rate of speed. BEING GREATER FOR THE LARGER AND FASTER SHIPS. This would exclude all sailing vessels and the small steam vessels, and concentrate the entire ocean trade of the United States in the large steam vessels owned by the gigantic corporations which combine the railroad business with that of steamship lines.

Then with the competition from small corporations effectively shut off by the discriminatory rates in the subsidy law, the whole carrying trade on land and sea would, in the hands of the few corporations, soon be merged into vast, more or less properly termed, trusts of trusts in freight and passenger transportation. The billion-dollar steel trust is a much more difficult combination to effect.

The Price at Stake for Monopoly Barons.

In the ship subsidy bill the prize at stake for Senator Hanna and the other monopoly magnates is so mammoth in its proportions, and if secured will, in combination with the other trust of trusts which will result if the proposed law for a banking monopoly is passed, lead to such far-reaching results as to make all lovers of popular government shudder. If this consolidating process through private corporations ever goes so far as the passage of the ship subsidy bill and the bill for branch banks, the result will be that to protect the ensuing monopolies, the men in charge of them, aided by the governments of Europe "to protect investments," will demand that the international law be changed to read: "LAW THAT A FOREIGN STATE MAY, AT ITS DISCRETION, ENFORCE THE CONTRACT RIGHT OF ITS CITIZENS AGAINST ANOTHER STATE OR ANY PORTION THEREOF."

In pursuance of this provision of international law, Egypt is being managed by an English army for the benefit of humanity, of course, and the taxes collected are turned over to the Rothschilds and their fellow monopolists. India is likewise managed by the English, and the French government has several places of territory in its hands as receiver for its monopoly barons. Germany is likewise in the control of the money power, and Russia is fast extending her power through financial operations in China. A combination of these foreign powers can so back up the monopoly power in this country that the government can be held firmly in hand even to the extent of declaring invalid the election of a president and congress pledged to correct the monopoly abuses. All this is necessary to that these foreign states declare that the contract right of their citizens are in danger of being violated.

The Issue.

Is it not clear that every American citizen who votes in support of the Hanna-Payne bill is voting for the

the turning over to the banks the entire power to create paper money and withdraw it, and help to defeat the existing combination of trusts and other monopolies fostered by the men whom Mark Hanna, as campaign manager, placed in power at the last national election?

The Ohio state convention, with Senator Hanna in command, declared in its resolutions for: "President McKinley, the best exponent of Republicanism and true American ideas and policies, the friend of every American industry, and the wise and patriotic defender and advocate of honest money. Under his splendid Republican administration the prosperity of the people has developed, our commerce has grown great, our trade, domestic and foreign, has increased to a degree never before known, and the people are looking with confidence for greater things to come."

Note well the conclusion: "Are looking forward with confidence for greater things to come." On the other hand Head Professor Small of the department of Sociology in the University of Chicago declared recently that "the remarkable growth of uncontrolled monopoly is the greatest menace to civilization since the Huns descended upon western Europe. Practical business men, he says, are asking 'where will it all end?' G. H. SHIBLEY.

A Spirit of Murder.

From the Mississippi Valley Democrat and Journal of Agriculture: The spirit of murder seems to be abroad in the land. Two Missouri sister-laws have a "hair-pulling," as the survivor terms it, and one shoots the other. A bearded, dandified, pain-slinging Kansas boy shoots his sleeping father to get his pitance of life insurance in order that he may marry a wax-doll girl baby—and risks the murder of his mother shortly by his father's side by the same shot that carried quick death to his father. A bright-faced, flax-haired Illinois boy helps to poison his father and afterwards assassinates his father's sister, as financial ventures in the raising of money for carousal purposes. A St. Louis man enters a prominent dry goods house, filled with busy customers and clerks, hunts out the wife he has estranged and who is working to support herself and child, lays his hands upon her and deliberately shoots her in the most vital part of the body, and subsequently boasts about his knowledge of anatomy being of service to him in the accomplishment of his cowardly purpose. A Chicago woman shoots herself the mother of a grown daughter, waylays her own aged mother and deliberately kills her deprecate body with lead, and boasts of the deed as a vindication of "her honor." And to cap the climax, a Georgia mob, not far from the home of "Evangelist" Sam Jones, who seems to have been devoted to live in such a wicked world, commits a crime so disgusting and so cowardly and brutal that its details cannot be printed. And over and above all, a noted general goes vamping over the country about a little matter of killing five millions of men, women and children in order that he may "civilize" another five millions! Would it not be well to do a little civilizing at home before we commence in the Philippines?

It is barely possible that we might learn something in the line of civilization from the Filipinos themselves.

the turning over to the banks the entire power to create paper money and withdraw it, and help to defeat the existing combination of trusts and other monopolies fostered by the men whom Mark Hanna, as campaign manager, placed in power at the last national election?

The Ohio state convention, with Senator Hanna in command, declared in its resolutions for: "President McKinley, the best exponent of Republicanism and true American ideas and policies, the friend of every American industry, and the wise and patriotic defender and advocate of honest money. Under his splendid Republican administration the prosperity of the people has developed, our commerce has grown great, our trade, domestic and foreign, has increased to a degree never before known, and the people are looking with confidence for greater things to come."

Note well the conclusion: "Are looking forward with confidence for greater things to come." On the other hand Head Professor Small of the department of Sociology in the University of Chicago declared recently that "the remarkable growth of uncontrolled monopoly is the greatest menace to civilization since the Huns descended upon western Europe. Practical business men, he says, are asking 'where will it all end?' G. H. SHIBLEY.

A Spirit of Murder.

From the Mississippi Valley Democrat and Journal of Agriculture: The spirit of murder seems to be abroad in the land. Two Missouri sister-laws have a "hair-pulling," as the survivor terms it, and one shoots the other. A bearded, dandified, pain-slinging Kansas boy shoots his sleeping father to get his pitance of life insurance in order that he may marry a wax-doll girl baby—and risks the murder of his mother shortly by his father's side by the same shot that carried quick death to his father. A bright-faced, flax-haired Illinois boy helps to poison his father and afterwards assassinates his father's sister, as financial ventures in the raising of money for carousal purposes. A St. Louis man enters a prominent dry goods house, filled with busy customers and clerks, hunts out the wife he has estranged and who is working to support herself and child, lays his hands upon her and deliberately shoots her in the most vital part of the body, and subsequently boasts about his knowledge of anatomy being of service to him in the accomplishment of his cowardly purpose. A Chicago woman shoots herself the mother of a grown daughter, waylays her own aged mother and deliberately kills her deprecate body with lead, and boasts of the deed as a vindication of "her honor." And to cap the climax, a Georgia mob, not far from the home of "Evangelist" Sam Jones, who seems to have been devoted to live in such a wicked world, commits a crime so disgusting and so cowardly and brutal that its details cannot be printed. And over and above all, a noted general goes vamping over the country about a little matter of killing five millions of men, women and children in order that he may "civilize" another five millions! Would it not be well to do a little civilizing at home before we commence in the Philippines?

It is barely possible that we might learn something in the line of civilization from the Filipinos themselves.

the turning over to the banks the entire power to create paper money and withdraw it, and help to defeat the existing combination of trusts and other monopolies fostered by the men whom Mark Hanna, as campaign manager, placed in power at the last national election?

The Ohio state convention, with Senator Hanna in command, declared in its resolutions for: "President McKinley, the best exponent of Republicanism and true American ideas and policies, the friend of every American industry, and the wise and patriotic defender and advocate of honest money. Under his splendid Republican administration the prosperity of the people has developed, our commerce has grown great, our trade, domestic and foreign, has increased to a degree never before known, and the people are looking with confidence for greater things to come."

Note well the conclusion: "Are looking forward with confidence for greater things to come." On the other hand Head Professor Small of the department of Sociology in the University of Chicago declared recently that "the remarkable growth of uncontrolled monopoly is the greatest menace to civilization since the Huns descended upon western Europe. Practical business men, he says, are asking 'where will it all end?' G. H. SHIBLEY.

A Spirit of Murder.

From the Mississippi Valley Democrat and Journal of Agriculture: The spirit of murder seems to be abroad in the land. Two Missouri sister-laws have a "hair-pulling," as the survivor terms it, and one shoots the other. A bearded, dandified, pain-slinging Kansas boy shoots his sleeping father to get his pitance of life insurance in order that he may marry a wax-doll girl baby—and risks the murder of his mother shortly by his father's side by the same shot that carried quick death to his father. A bright-faced, flax-haired Illinois boy helps to poison his father and afterwards assassinates his father's sister, as financial ventures in the raising of money for carousal purposes. A St. Louis man enters a prominent dry goods house, filled with busy customers and clerks, hunts out the wife he has estranged and who is working to support herself and child, lays his hands upon her and deliberately shoots her in the most vital part of the body, and subsequently boasts about his knowledge of anatomy being of service to him in the accomplishment of his cowardly purpose. A Chicago woman shoots herself the mother of a grown daughter, waylays her own aged mother and deliberately kills her deprecate body with lead, and boasts of the deed as a vindication of "her honor." And to cap the climax, a Georgia mob, not far from the home of "Evangelist" Sam Jones, who seems to have been devoted to live in such a wicked world, commits a crime so disgusting and so cowardly and brutal that its details cannot be printed. And over and above all, a noted general goes vamping over the country about a little matter of killing five millions of men, women and children in order that he may "civilize" another five millions! Would it not be well to do a little civilizing at home before we commence in the Philippines?

It is barely possible that we might learn something in the line of civilization from the Filipinos themselves.

the turning over to the banks the entire power to create paper money and withdraw it, and help to defeat the existing combination of trusts and other monopolies fostered by the men whom Mark Hanna, as campaign manager, placed in power at the last national election?

The Ohio state convention, with Senator Hanna in command, declared in its resolutions for: "President McKinley, the best exponent of Republicanism and true American ideas and policies, the friend of every American industry, and the wise and patriotic defender and advocate of honest money. Under his splendid Republican administration the prosperity of the people has developed, our commerce has grown great, our trade, domestic and foreign, has increased to a degree never before known, and the people are looking with confidence for greater things to come."

Note well the conclusion: "Are looking forward with confidence for greater things to come." On the other hand Head Professor Small of the department of Sociology in the University of Chicago declared recently that "the remarkable growth of uncontrolled monopoly is the greatest menace to civilization since the Huns descended upon western Europe. Practical business men, he says, are asking 'where will it all end?' G. H. SHIBLEY.

A Spirit of Murder.

From the Mississippi Valley Democrat and Journal of Agriculture: The spirit of murder seems to be abroad in the land. Two Missouri sister-laws have a "hair-pulling," as the survivor terms it, and one shoots the other. A bearded, dandified, pain-slinging Kansas boy shoots his sleeping father to get his pitance of life insurance in order that he may marry a wax-doll girl baby—and risks the murder of